



Gauntlet



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Chapter 1 by Jayde Avalon

We are the elite.

More valued than the Royal Guard themselves, we are the royal family's right hands. We are whatever we need to be--butlers, footmen, maidservants, spies, bodyguards. It is our job to protect not only the royal family, but the staff and, ultimately, the entire kingdom. We have been specially trained for whatever the king or his family wishes us to do.

We are the Gauntlet.

And our prince and princesses have been kidnapped.

Chapter 2 by Cylus



Our story begins in a town not too far from the Royal Families keep, where two members of the gauntlet, Excavier the Paladin and Cerel the Archer, reside in an Inn to catch any sort of information on the whereabouts of the beloved Prince and Princess.

"Saw two Nightshades crawlin aroun heeya th other day" a farmer, obviously drunk from how slurred his voice was, says to his friend. "saw them carryin somethin Oi did, couldn't make it out though!"

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Eavesdropping, Cerel who... time connection to the prince and princess?"

Excavier simply nodded, but kept an ear on the conversation behind him.

" saw them goin south, probably to where the bloody dark sorcerer lives. Neeeeeever trusted that place, to much voodoo and the loike"

The dark sorcerer used to work for the Royal family and was apart of the gauntlet, before an ancient artifact simply known as the orb of nightmares corrupted him. After being forced out of the kingdom, the Sorcerer lived in his cave for years, feeding only off of the dark energy that emanates from the orb.

" if they are correct, we need to report this to the Royal family at once, we need to be ready to storm his home if it was the dark sorcerer who had taken them!"

outside, the two companions began to saddle their horses, before Excavier noticed something in the bell tower east of their position

"get down!" Excavier exclaimed as he tackled Cerel as a bolt whizzed by the two and hit Cerel's horse, killing it instantly. "venom bolt" Cerel said quietly. Excavier, with Cerel still under his left arm, dashes into the nearest building and crashes through the door, with two more bolts sticking into the ground behind him. "Damn assassin" Excavier said as he gasped for breath. "this armor is beginning to take it's toll on me"

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